Haue ſtrooke more terror to the ſoule of Richard,
Then can the ſubſtance of ten thouſand ſouldiers
Armed in proofe,and led by ſhallow Richmond.
Tis not yet neare day,come goe with me,
Vnder our Tents Ile play the eweſe-dropper,
To heare if any meane to ſhrinke from me. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Lords to Richmond.

Lords. Good morrow Richmond.

Rich. Cric mercy Lords,and watchfull Gentlemen,
That you haue tane a tardie ſluggard here.

Lor. How haue you ſlept my Lord?

Rich. The ſweeteſt ſleepe,and faireſt boding dreames,
That euer entred in a drowſie head,
Haue I ſince your departure had my Lords.
Me thought their ſoules,whoſe bodies Richard murthered,
Came to my tent,and cried on victorie:
I promiſe you my ſoule is very iocund,
In the remembrance of ſo faire a dreame.
How farre into the morning is it Lords?

Lor. Vpon the ſtroke of foure.

Rich. Why then tis time to arme,and giue direction.
More then I haue ſaid,louing countrymen, *(His Oration to*
The leiſure and inforcement of the time, *(his ſouldiers.*
Forbids to dwell vpon,yet remember this,
God,and our good cauſe,fight vpon our ſide,
The prayers of holy Saints and wronged ſoules,
Like high reard bulwarkes,ſtand before our faces;
Richard except,thoſe whom we fight againſt,
Had rather haue vs winne,then him they follow:
For,what is he they follow? truly gentlemen,
A bloudy tyrant,and a homicide.
One raiſde in bloud,and one in bloud eſtabliſhed:
One that made meanes to come by what he hath,
And ſlaughtered thoſe that were the meanes to helpe him:
A baſe foule ſtone,made precious by the foile
Of Englands chaire,where he is falſly ſet,
One that hath euer bene Gods enemie:
Then if you fight againſt Gods enemie,
God will in iuſtice ward you as his ſouldiers:
If you do ſweare to put a tyrant downe,

You ſleepe in peace,the tyrant being ſlain
If you do fight againſt your countries foes
Your countries fat,ſhall pay your paines th
It you do fight in ſafegard of your wiues,
Your wiues ſhall welcome home the conq
If you do free *your* children from the ſwor
Your childrens children quits it in your a
Then in the name of God and all theſe righ
Aduance your ſtandards,draw your willing
For me,the ranſome of my bold attempt,
Shall be this cold corpes on the earths col
But if I thriue,the gaine of my attempt,
The leaſt of you ſhall ſhare his part thereof
Sound drums and trumpets boldly,and ch
God,and Saint George, Richmond,and vi

Enter King Richard, Rat.

King. What ſaid Northumberland as tou

Rat. That he was neuer trained vp in arm

King. He ſaid the truth,and what ſaid Sur

Rat. He ſmiled and ſaid,the better for ou

King. He was in the right, and ſo indeed
Tell the clocke there. *The c*
Giue me a *K*alendre,who ſaw the Sunne to

Rat. Not *I* my Lord.

King. Then he diſdaines to ſhine,for by th
He ſhould haue brau'd the Eaſt an houre ag
A blacke day will it be to ſome bodie Rat.

Rat. My Lord.

King. The Sunne will not be ſeene to day
The skie doth frowne and lowre vpon our a
I would theſe deawie teares were from the g
Not ſhine to day: why, what is that to me
More then to Richmond? for the ſelfe-ſam
That frownes on me lookes ſadly vpon hi

Enter Norffolke.

Nor. Arme,arme,my Lord,the foe vaun

King. Come,buſtle,buſtle,capariſon my
Call vp Lord Stanly,bid him bring his pow
I will lead forth my ſouldiers to the pleaine